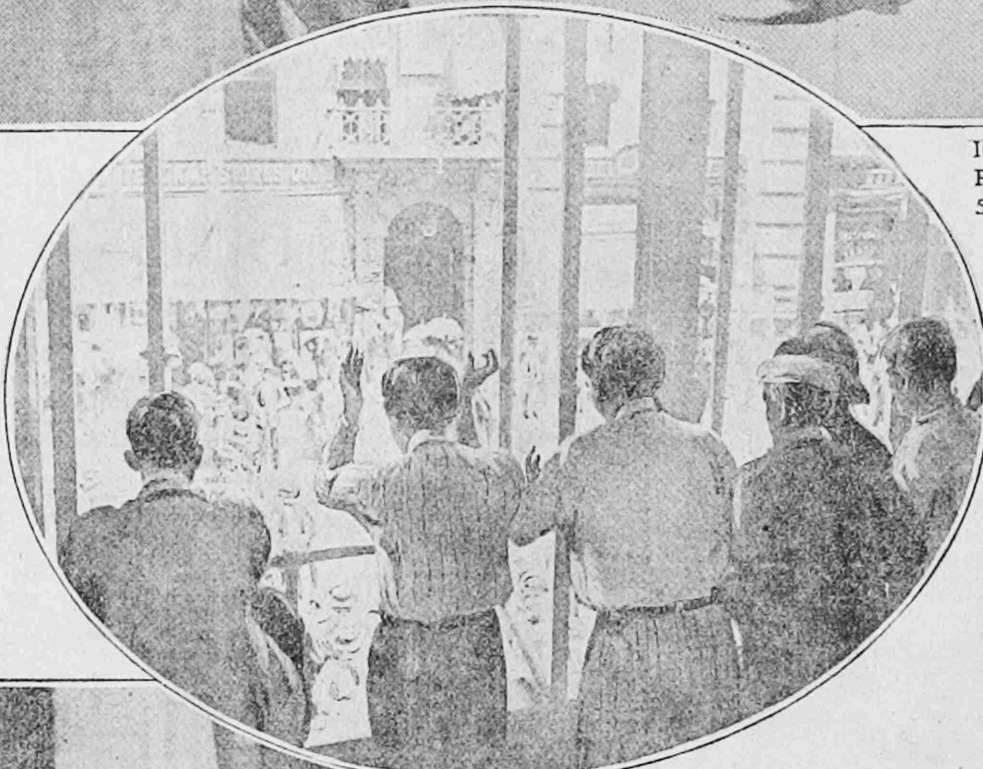


**B**EING the Story of a Day on the "Little Stock Exchange," the Famous Market of Broad Street.



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At No. 28 the skylines, western and eastern, change

**The Game Is On.**

It is five minutes to ten, and by both clocks. But the men and boys who are pouring in the enclosure some issuing from the basement, some of adjacent buildings, others coming out of the ground or the air, so far as the sightseer can tell, are watching the clock in the café window—a strange, psychological clock, on which a raven and an owl might perch; a clock with a quaintly expansive visage, half quaintly half cynical, as if it knew what's what in paper values.

In the enclosure—strongly reminding one of a platform girdled for a prizefight—are perhaps 500 souls all told if the day is "busy." Their ages range from sixty-five down to fifteen. The latter including a swarm of boys of the messenger type wearing numbered badges or distinguished by numbered buttons. But the majority are nearer thirty than twenty or forty, and in New York city if you wish to know the trend of any vocation you must consult or analyze the man of thirty.

Those faces in the windows are weird faces; eager, dogged, instinct with daredevilry, willing to take risks; faces framed in iron gray, faces in glossy brown, faces that are smooth, faces that are hairy. They are all looking at the face of the clock and waiting for the word "Go!"

**Many a Code.**

Dof and dumb codes are indispensable to a trader who specializes arbitrage business. A bright operator, taking advantage of slight differences between the New York and the Boston quotations on a particular stock, will grab the security offered on Broad street, fling it by wire to the New York Hub and slice as his profit the eight or sixteen, as may be, variation. But his neighbor is quite as ready to do the same thing, if possible, and if his own trick is to be played successfully his code signalling must be kept absolutely denser to that neighbor than is

Three sharp. The alarm sounds warningly, peremptorily. Trading is over; the ropes and standards are removed in a jiffy; the five hundred scatter in all directions; newspaper men seek the final quotations. Five or nine minutes later Broad street looks as it did at nine o'clock in the morning, and the high calls of the rattle on the north echo with the calls of motor cars moving ponderously down to pick up a few luxurious traders—a mournful sound not to be duplicated east of a Colorado gulch.